1795. Der Kopf ohne Mann, Woelfi's greatest opera, verformed in Vienna. 1795. The Conservatoire de Musique established at Paris by the republic. 1795. Catalani, soprano, made her debut in Venice as Lodolska. 1795. Haydn's last symphony written

and performed in Vienna.
1795. Erard's improved harps, with stops, first patented in France and Eng-

1796. Spotini's first opera, I Puntigli, performed at Rome with great success. 1798. The (reation performed in the presence of Haydn in Vienna.

1799. The Abbe Vogler brought out 'Choral System," one of the earliest comprehensive works on harmony. 1800. Upright pianos first suggested by Isaac Hawkins. Patented 1807.

1801. The Seasons, Haydn's last oratorio, performed. The labor of writing it hastened his death.

1803. Beethoven's Sinfonia Eroica written and dedicated to Napoleon Bo-

1803. Beethoven's Mount of Olives finished and presented at vienna, 1805. Schubert's songs began, at age 8. In all he composed over 1,200. 1805. Beethoven s Fidelio first per-

Unappreciated by the public, and withdrawn. 1806. Cherubini's Faniska, opera, produced at Vienna.

1811. Spohr's first symphony per-formed, when the composer was 27. 1812. Spohr's Das Jungste Gericht, oratorio, brou ht out at Erfurt. 18:3. Rossini's Tancredi sung in Ven-ice. Most popular Italian opera for a

generation. 1813. Spohr's Faust sung with great succest. Held the stage till Gound's

1813. The metronome invented by Gottfried Weber. Perfected by Winkel

An Artificial Sun. The sun used to be cited as an example of a work of Nature with which it was useless for man to try to enter into competition, says the San Francis-co Examiner. But at the present rate of progress we shall be making contracts within a few years for lighting cities by electricity in the daytime, to secure something better than the unsatisfactory solar illumination. A German firm has a search-light on exhibi-tion at the World's Fair that projects a beam of 180,000,000 candle power. It is stated that if this little stu y lamp were placed at a sufficient altitude it would furnish enough light to read by at a distance of a hundred miles. In other words, if the light were set on Mount

words, if the light were set on Mount Diablo the people in the foot-hills of the Sierras could sit on their porches and read by the rays it would send across the San Joaquin valley.

It is asserted that "if this light were turned on a man's face at a less distance than several miles it would interest that the same than the same than several miles it would interest the same than several miles it would instantly blind and kill him by the shock. That statement appears to be subject to discount. The sun does not kill, or even blind, a man when it shines in his face, and if an artificial light can do it, the sun must be already a back number. If the German projectile were really as deadly as represented there would be a revolution in warfare, and instead of wasting ammunition on an enemy the commander of a garrison would mow down the hostile ranks by sweeping them with his search-light. But it seems probable that the new condenser would be able to make its beam visible from the moon, so that if there were any inhabitants there, and they had advanced in science as far as we have, it would be a simple matter to open com-munication with them by a succession of flashes. Unfortunately, the inhabit-ants of the moon are probably all dead. They ran their course millions of years ago, before man had appeared upon our world, and perhaps in their time they had their Moon's Fairs and turned their search-lights upon the unresponsive earth, then inhabited only by trilobites and echinoderms, just as we may now turn ours upon the barren waste whose heaps of desiccated bones give no reply.

"A little maid's prayers are usually simple, sweet, and touching," said a prominent United States official, "but I know of one prayer made by a little miss which is humorous and well worth the telling. She was taught by her mother to go through her ritual-that is, the prayers she was in the habit of saying-and to add any special petitions suggested by her needs at the time. On one occasion she was ill and suffering some pain and con iderable inconvenience from nausea, and her simple prayer at the end of the regular vesper offering was: 'Oh Lord, bless poor little Em and make her well, for who wants to be frowing up all the time?' "- St. Louis Republic.

Pure and Wholesome Quality

Commends to public approval the California liquid laxative remedy, Syrup of Figs. It is pleasant to the taste and by acting gently on the kidneys, liver and bowels to cleanse the system effectually, it promotes the health and comfort of all who use it, and with millions it to the best and only remedy.

When gossip beats the drum of the ear the

We Cure Rupture. No matter of how long standing. Write for free treatise, testimon als, etc., to S. J. Follensworth & Ca. Owego, Tioga Co., N. Y. Price \$1; by mail, \$1.15.

No sympathy is felt for the man who is a

Rev. H. P. Carson, Scotland, Dak., says: "I we bottles of Hall's Catarrh Cure completely cured my little girt." Sold by Druggists,75c.

Some men pray without thinking and some

Ladies needing a tonic, or children who want building up, should take Brown's Iron Bitters It is pleasant to take, cures Makir a Indigestion, Bilousness and Liver Complaints, makes the Blood rich and pure.

When young hearts break they knit again

Impaired digestion cured by Beecham's Pills, Beecham's-no others. 25 cents a box. A flower grows wherever a kind word is

Many persons are broken down from over-work or household cares. Brown's from Bit-ters rebuil is the system, aids digestion, re-moves excess of bile, and cures milaria. A splendid tonic for women and children.

While one woman is quiet the other ninety. nine are asking her why she is.

If afflicted with sore eyes use Dr.Isaac Thompton's Eye-water.Druggists seil at 25c.per bottle A verse may find him whom a sermon flies,

Distress in the Stomach

Heartburn, Sick Headache and other symptoms of Dyspepsia 20 troubled me for several years. Since I have been taking Hood's Sarsaparilla all this is hanged. Dyspepsia? trouble no longer bothers me. I do not have heartheadache. I have gained heaz Jones Tones Tones

ever way." Mrs. J. H. Cook, Martinsville, I.I. Hood's Pills are purely vegetable & cents.

CHILDREN'S RIGHTS.

Cr. Talmage Champions the Cause of Young Folks.

The Evils of Unnecessary Academic Honors.

TEXT: "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do to me according to that which hath proceeded out of thy mouth." -Judges xl., 36.

Jephthah was a freebooter. Early turned out from a home where he ought to have been cared for, he consorted with rough men and went forth to earn his living as best he

and went forth to earn his living as best he could. In those times it was considered richt for a man to go out on independent military expeditions. Jephthah was a good man according to the light of his dark age, but through a wandering and predatory life he became reckless and precipitate. The grace of God changes a man's heart, but never reverses his natural temperament.

The Israelites wanted the Ammonites driven out of their country, so they sent a delegation to Jephthah, asking him to become commander-in-chief of all the forces. He might have said, "You drove me out when you had no use for me, and now you are in trouble you want me back," but he did not say that. He takes command of the army, sends messengers to the Ammonites to tell them to vacate the country, and getting no favorable response marshals his troops for battle,

Before going out to the war Jephthah makes a very solemn vow that if the Lord will give him the victory then on his return home whatsoever first comes out of his doorway he will offer in sacrifice as a burnt offering. The battle opens. It was no skir-mishing on the edges of danger, no unlimmishing on the edges of danger, no unlimbering of batteries two miles away, but the hurling of men on the points of swords and spears until the ground could no more drink the blood and the horses reared to leap over the piles of bodies of the slain. In those old times opposing forces would fight until their swords were broken, and then each one would throitle his man until they both fell, teeth to teeth, grip to grip, death stare to death stare, until the plain was one tumbled mass of corps:s from which the last trace of menbood had been dashed out.

Jephthah wins the day. Twelve cities lay captured at his feet. Sound the victory all through the mountains of Gilead. Let the trumpeters call up the survivors. Home-

trumpeters call up the survivors. ward to your wives and children. ward to your wives and children. Homeward with your glittering treasures. Homeward to have the applause of an admiring Nation. Build triumphal arches. Swingout flags all over Mizpeh. Open all your doors to receive the captured treasures. Through every hall spread the banquet. Pile up the viands. Fill high the tankards. The Nation is redeemed, the invaders are routed, and the National bonor is vindicated. National honor is vindicated.

National honor is vindicated.

Huzza for Jephthah, the conqueror! Jephthah, seated on a prancing steed, advances amid acclaiming multituies, but his eye is not on the excited populace. Remembering that he had made a solemn vow that, returning from victorious battle, whatsoever first came out of the doorway of his home, that should he sacrifice as a burnt offering, he has his auxious look upon the door. I wonder what spotiess lamb, what brace of doves, will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering. Oh, horrors! Paleness of death will be thrown upon the fires of the burnt offering. Oh, horrors! Paleness of death blanches his cheek. Despair seizes his heart. His daughter, his only child, rushes out the doorway to throw herself in her father's arms and shower upon him more kisses than there were wounds on his breast or dents on his shield. All the triumphal splender vanishes. Holding back his child from his heaving breast and pushing the

splender vanishes. Holding back his child from his heaving breast and pushing the locks back from the fair brow and locking into the eyes of inextinguishable affection, with choked utterance he says: "Would God I lay stark on the bloody plain. My daughter, my only child, joy of my home, life of my life, thou art the sacrifice!"

The whole matter was explained to her. This was no whining, hollow hearted girl into whose eyes the father locked. All the glory of sword and shield vanished in the presence of the valor of that girl. There may have been a tremor of the lip as a rose leaf trembles in the sough of the south wind, there may have been the starting of a tear there may have been the starting of a tear like a raindrop shook from the anther of a water lily, but with a self sacrifice that man water filly, but with a soit sacrines that man may not reach and only woman's heart can compass she surrenders herself to fire and to death. She cries out in the words of my text, "My father, if thou hast opened thy mouth unto the Lord, do unto me whatso-ever hath proceeded from thy mouth." She bows to the knife, and the blood which

so often at the father's voice had rushed to the crimson cheek smokes in the fires of the the crimson cheek smoats in the fires of the burnt offering. No one can tell us her name. There is no need that we know her name. The garlands that Mizpeh twisted for Jephthah, the warrior, had gone into the dust, but all ages are twisting the girl's chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us for no one can wear it. They may chaplet. It is well that her name came not to us, for no one can wear it. They may take the name of Deborah or Abigail or Miriam, but no one in all the ages can have the title of this daughter of sacrifice.

Of course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord; but before you hurl your denunciaof course this offering was not pleasing to the Lord; but before you hurly your denunciations at Jephthah's cruelty, remember that in olden times, when yows were made, men thought they must execute them, perform them, whether they were wicked or good. There were two wrong things about Jephthah's yow. First, he ought never to have made it. Next, having made it, it were better broken than kept. But do not take on pretentious airs and say, "I could not have done as Jephthah did." If to-day you were standing on the banks of the Ganges and you had been born in India, you might have been throwing your children to the crossdiles. It is not because we are naturally ally better, but because we have more gospel light.

Now, I make very practical use of this question when I tell you that the sacrifice of Jephthah's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000

Jephthan's daughter was a type of the physical, mental and spiritual sacrifice of 10,000 children in this day. There are parants all unwittingly bringing to bear upon their children a class of influences which will as certainly ruin them as knife and torch destroyed Jephthan's daughter. While I speak, the whole Nation without emotion and without shame looks upon the stupendous sacrifice. whole Nation without emotion and without shame looks upon the stupendous sacrifice. In the first place, I remark that much of the system of education in our day is a system of sacrifice. When children spend six or seven hours a day in school, and then must spend two or three hours in preparation for school the next day, will you tell me how much time they will have for sunshine and fresh air and the obtaining of that exuberance which is necessary for the duties of coming life?

coming life? No one can feel more thankful than I do for the advancement of common school education. The printing of books appropriate for schools, the multiplication of philosophical apparatus, the establishment of normal schools, which provide for our children teachers of largest caliber, are themes on which every philanthropist ought to be congratulated. But this herding of great multitudes of children in ill ventilated school-rooms and poorly equipped halis of instruction is making many of the places of knowledge in this country huge holocausts.

Politics in many of the cities gets into educational affairs, and while the two political parties are scrabbling for the honors Jephthah's daughter perishes. It is so much so that there are many schools in the country day which are preparing tens of thousands No one can feel more thankful than I do

that there are many schools in the country
day which are preparing tens of thousands
of invalid men and women for the future, so
that in many places by the the time the
child's education is finished the child is finished! In many places, in many cities of the country, there are large appropriations for everything else and cheerful appropriations, lut as soon as the appropriation is to be made for the educational or moral interest of

made for the educational or moral interest of the city we are struck through with an economy that is well nigh the death of us.

In connection with this I mention what I might call the cramming system of the common schools and many of the academies—children of delicate brain compelled to tasks that might appall a mature intellect, children going down to school with a strap of books half as high as themselves. The fact is, in some of the cities parents do not allow their children to graduate for the simple reason, they say, "We cannot afford to allow our children's health to be destroyed in order that they may gather the honors of an order that they may gather the honors of an

Tens of thousands of children educated Tens of thousands of children educated into imbecility, so connected with many such literary establishments there ought to be asylums for the wreeked. It is push and crowd and cram and stuff and jam until the child's intellect is bewildered, and the memory is wreeked, and the health is gone. There are children turned out from the schools who once were full of romping and laughter and had cheeks crimson with health, who are now turned out in the afternoon pale faced, irritated, asthmatic, old before their time. It is one of the saddest sights on earth, an old-mannish boy or an old-womanish girl. old-womanish girl.

Girls 10 years of age studying algebra!
Boys 12 years of age racking their brains over trigonometry! Children unacquainted with their mother tongue crying over their Latin, French and German lessons! All the vivacity of their nature beaten out of them by the heavy beetle of a Greek lexicon! And you doctor them for this, and you give them a little medicine for that, and you wonder what is the matter with them. I will tell you what is the matter with them.

wonder what is the matter with them, they are finishing their education.

In my parish in Philadelphia a child was so pushed at school that she was thrown into r. fever, and in her dying delirium, all night long, she was trying to recite the multiplication, she was trying to recite the multiplication. tion table. In my boyhood I remember that in our class at school there was one lad who knew more than all of us put together. If we were fast in our arithmetic, he extricated we were fast in our arithmetic, no extracted us. When we stood up for the spelling class, he was almost always the head of the class. Visitors came to his father's house, and he was almost always brought in as a prodigy. At 18 years of age he was an idiot, He livel 10 years an idiot and died an idiot, not know-

10 years an idiot and died an idiot, not knowing his right hand from his left, or day from night. The parents and the teachers made him an idiot.

You may flatter your pride by foreing your children to know more than any other children, but you are making a sacrifice of that child if by the additions to its intelligence you are making a suotraction from its future. The child will go away from such maltreatment with no exuberance to fight the treatment with no exuberance to fight the battle of life. Such children may get along very well while you take care of them, but when you are old and dead, alas! for them if through the wrong system of education

when you are old and dead, alas! for them if through the wrong system of education which you adopted, they have no swarthiness or force of character to take care of themselves. Be careful how you make the child's head ache or its heart flutter.

I hear a great deal about black men's rights and Chinamen's rights and Indians' rights and women's rights. Would God that some-body would rise to plead for children's right! The Carthaginians used to sacrifice their children by putting them into thearms of an idol which thrust forth its hand. The child was put into the arms of the idol, and no sooner touched the arms than it dropped into the fire. But it was the art of the mothers to keep the children smiling and laughing until the moment they died. There may be a fascination and a hilarity about the styles of education of which I am speaking, but it is only laughter at the moment of sacrifice.

Would God there were only one Jephthath's daughter.

Again, there are many parents who are sacrifleing their children with wrong systems of discipline-too great rigor or toe great leniency. There are children in families who rule the household. They come to the authority. The high chair in which the infant sits is the throne, and the rattle is the scepter, and the other children make up the parliament where father and mother have no vote! Such children come up to be mis-

reants.

There is no chance in this world for a child that has never learned to mind. Such people become the botheration of the church of God and the pest of the world. Children that do not learn to obey human authority are unwilling to learn to obey Divine authority. Children will not respect parents whose authority they do not respect. Who are those young men that swagger through the street, with their thumbs in their vest, talking about their father as "the old man," "the governor," "the squire," "the old chap," or their mother as "the old woman?" They are those who in youth, in childhood, never learned to respect authority. Eli, having heard that his sons had died in their wickedness, fell over backward and broke his neck and died. Well he might. What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that sing thought are

What is life to a father whose sons are debauched? The dust of the valley is pleasant to his taste, and the driving rains that drip through the roof of the sepulcher are sweeter than the wines of Helbon.

There must be harmony between the father's government and the mother's government. The father will be tempted to too great vigor. The mother will be tempted to too great leniency. Her tenderness will overcome her. Her voice is a little softer, her hand seems better fit to pull out a thorn and soothe a pang. Children wanting anything from the mother cry for it. They hope to dissolve her will with tears. But the mother must not interfere, must not coax off, must not beg for the child when the hour comes for the assertion of parental supremacy and the subjugation of a child's temper. There comes in the history of every child an hour when it is tested whether the parents shall rule or the child shall rule. That is the crucial hour. If the child triumphs in that hour, then he will some day make you crouch. It is a horrible scene. I have witnessed it—a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presscene. I have winessed it—a mother come to old age, shivering with terror in the presence of a son who cursed her gray hairs and mocked her wrinkled face and begrudged her the crust she munched with her toothless

How sharper than a serpent's tooth it is To have a thankless child:

To have a thankless child:

But, on the other hand, too great rigor must be avoided. It is a sad thing when do mestic government becomes cold military despotism. Trappers on the prairie fight fire with fire, but you cannot successfully fight your child's bad temper with your own bad temper. We must not be too minute in our inspection. We cannot expect our childres to be perfect. We must not see everything Since we have two or three face everything Since we have two or three face everything seems that our children have as many. I tradition be true, when we were children were not all little Samuels, and our parent were not fearful lest they could not raise u

were not all little Samuels, and our parent were not fearful lest they could not raise ubecause of our premature goodness.

You cannot scold or pound your children into nobility of character. The bloom of a child's heart can never be seen under a cold crizzle. Above all, avoid fretting an scolding in the household. Better than 1/years of fretting at your children is ongood, round, old fashioned application of the slipper! That minister of the Gospel o whom we read in the newspapers that he whipped his child to death because he would whipped his child to death because he would not say his prayers will never come to canonization. The arithmetics cannot calculate how many thousands of children have been ruined forever either through too great rigor or too great leniency. The heavens and the earth are filled with the groan of ens and the earth are filled with the groan of the sacrificed. In this important matter seek divine direction, O father, O mother. Some one asked the mother of Lord Chief Justice Mansfield if she was not broud to have three such eminent sons and all of them so good. "No," she said, "it is nothing to be proud of, but something for which to be very grateful." Again, there are many who are sacrificing their children to a spirit of worldliness. Some one asked a mother whose children had turned out very well what was the secret by which she prepared them for usefulness. by which she prepared them for usefulness and for the Christian life, and she said: "This was the secret. When in the morning I washed my children, I prayed that they might be washed in the fountain of a Saviour's mercy. When I put on their garsaviour's mercy. When I put on their gar-ments, I prayed that they might be arrayed in the robe of a Saviour's righteousness. When I gave them food, I prayed that they might be fed with manna from heaven. When I started them on the road to school. I prayed that their path might be as the shin-ing light, brighter and brighter to the per-fect day. When I put them to sleep, I prayed that they might be enfolded in the Saviour's arms." "Oh," you say, "that was very old fashioned." It was quite old fashioned. But

do you suppose that a child under such nurture as that ever turned out bad?

In our day most boys start out with no idea higher than the all encompassing dollar. They start in an age which boasts it can scratch the Lord's Prayer on a Heapt piece. scratch the Lord's Prayer on a 10 cent piece, and the Ten Commandments on a 10 cent piece. Children are taught to reduce morals piece. Children are taught to reduce morals and religion, time and eternity, to vuigar fractions. It seems to be their chief attain-ment that 10 cents make a dime, and 10 dimes make a dollar. How to get money is only equaled by the other art, how to keep it. Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is Tell me, ye who know, what chance there is for those who start out in life with such perverted sentiments? The money market resounds again and again with the downfall of such people. If I had a drop of blood on the tip of a pen, I would tell you by what nawful tragedy many of the youth of this country are ruined.

Further on thousands and tens of thousands of the daughters of America are sacrificed to wordliness. They are taught to be in

ficed to wordliness. They are taught to be in sympathy with all the artificialities of society. They are induced into all the hollowness of what is called fashionable life. They are taught to believe that history is dry, but that 50-cent stories of adventurous love are deli-cious. With capacity that might have rivaled a Florence Nightingale in heavenly minis-tries, or made the father's house glad with filial and sisterly demeanor, their life is a waste, their beauty a curse, their eternity a

In the siege of Charleston, during the Civil War, a lieutenant of the army stood on the floor beside the daughter of the ex-Gov-ernor of the State of South Carolina. They

were taking the vows of marriage. A bomb-shell strack the roof, dropped into the group and nine were wounded and slain; among the wounded of death, the bride. While the bridegroom knelt on the earpet trying to stanch the wounds the bride demanded that the ceremony be completed, that she might take the vows before her departure, and when the minister said, "Wilthou be faithful unto death?" with her dying lips she said, "I will," and in two hours she had departed. That was the accidental slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage altars there are

had departed. That was the accidental slaughter and the sacrifice of the body, but at thousands of marriage altars there are daughters slain for time and slain for eternity. It is not a marriage; it is a massacre.

Affianced to some one who is only waiting until his father dies so he can get the property. Then a little waile they swing around in the circles, brilliant circles. Then the property is gone, and having no power to earn a livelinool the twain sink into some corner of society—the husband an idler and a sot, the wife a drudge, a slave and a sacrifice. Ah, spare your denunciations from Jephthah's head and expend them all on this wholesale modern marryrdom!

I lift up my voice to-day against the sacrifice of children. I look out of my window on a Sabbath and I see a group of children—unwashed, uncombed, un-Caristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one bind word?

When the city missionary passing along the next is Very and a sand lad and

washed, uncombed, un-Caristianized. Who cares for them? Who prays for them? Who utters to them one "ind word?

When the city missionary passing along the park in New York saw a ragged lad and heard him swearing, he said to him "My son, stop swearing! You ought to go to the house of God to-day. You ought to be good. You ought to be a Christian." The lad looked in his face and said. "Ah, it is easy for you to talk, well clothed as you are and well fed, but we chaps hain't got no chance!" Who lifts them to the altar for baptism? Who goes forth to snatch them up from crime and death and woe? Who to-day will go forth and bring them into sensols and churches? No. Heap them up, great piles of rags and wretchedness and filth. Put underneath them the fires of sacrifice, stir up the blaze, put on more fagots, and while we sit in the churches with folded arms and indifferent crime and disease and death will go on with the agonizing sacrifice.

During the early French Revolution at Bourges there was a company of boys who used to train every day as young soldiers, and they carried a flag, and they had on the flag this inscription: "Tremble, tyrants, tremble! We are growing up." Mightily suggestive! This generation is passing of, and a mightier generation is coming on. Will they be the foes of tyranny, the foes of sin, and the foes of death, or will they be the foes of Gol? They are coming up!

I congratulate all parents who are doing their best to keep their children away from the altar of sacrifice. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your prayers are going to be answered. Your children may wander away from God, but they will come back again. A voice comes from the throne to-dây encouraging you, "I will be a God to thee, and they some wanderer of the family far away from God, and you may be 20 years in heaven before salvation shall come to his heart, he will be brought into the kingdom, and before the throne of Gol you will rejoice that you were faithful. Come at last, although to long postponed his coming. Come at last

I congratulate all those who are tolling for

last!

I congratulate all those who are toiling for the outcast and wandering. Your work will soon be over, but the influence you are setting in motion will never stop. Long after you have been garnered for the skies your prayers, your teachings and your Christain influence will go on and help to people heaven with bright inhabitants.

Which would you rather see—which scene would you rather mingle in in the last great day—being able to say, "I added house to house and land to land and manufactory to manufactory; I owned half the city; whatever my eyes saw I had, whatever I wanted I got," or on that day to have Christ look you full in the face and say, "I was hungry, and ye fed Me; I was naked, and yo clothed Me; I was sick and in prison, and ye visited Me; inasmuch as ye did it to the least of My brethren, ye did it to Me?"

VIRGINIA ITEMS.

The Latest News Gleaned From Various Farts of the State.

WHILE Mr. B. B. Partlow and family were sitting on their porch in Rappahannock county, a hawk perched on a tree near their house. Mr. Partlow told his little boy to bring his gun. The little fellow in returning with the gun made a misstep and fell. The gun was discharged, the entire load taking effect in the face of Mrs. Partlow, who is in a very critical condition. Her lower jaw was torn off, as well as a portion of her tongue and upper jaw. Her physicians think she cannot recover.

THE body of Prof. C. R. B. Akers, who was killed in the recent collision on the Ohio extension of the Norfolk and Western Railroad was found a day or two ago in an adjacent creek. He was the son of a widow living near Christains urg and was returning to his home in Missouri from a v sit to his mother.

MRS. SALINA BAGBY DAWSON, wife of Mr. Hamilton Dawson, died in Staunton suddenly of heart failure. She was the sister of Messrs. Benjamin and S. T. Bagby and leaves four children, among them Deputy Sheriff Thos. A. Dawson.

Mrs. Martha Rice, of Fairfield, Northumberland county, committed suicide by taking Paris green. She had never recovered from gr.of occasioned by the drowning of her son some years ago.

A GRAND tournament was held at Columbia August 1st, in which seventeen knights conteste : for the honors.

Miss Mary Messich, of Fox Hill, nea: Hampton, while crossing Back river in a saliboat, was accidentally knocked overboard by a sail and drowned. She was

eighteen years old. The races of the Suffolk Fair and Agricultural Association will take place on August 15, 16 and 17. The regular fair will be held

on October 3, 4, 5 and 6, Capt. James W. Smith, of King and Queen county, died at St. Luke's Home in Rich mond. He was a gallant Confederate soldier.

The Basic City Iron Wo ks have been sold for \$7,000 to Cap. C. A. Holt, of Staunion.

The insurance agents of Farmville, approve of the action of the fire commissioners in condemning the erection of the big wooden grain elevator near the Gallego mills and other large establishments. The building, which is rapidly approaching completion, is one of the tallest in the city. It is constructed almost entirely of wood, and is pronounced by the insurance men a fire trap.

Herbert Gay, the sixteen-year old son of Mrs. Annie Gay, was knocked down by the shifting engine in the Richmond and Danville yard at Charlottesville, the wheels passing over his left leg, crushing it in a horrible manner. His left hand was a'so severely mashed. The youth was taken to the Richmond Hospital, and the injured limb amputated just below the knee. Young Gay was engaged in taking the numbers of the cars at the time of the acci lent. About two years ago his father was killed on the rail-

Work on the electric railroad system for Norfolk has begun. The company intend to lay about twenty miles of road, and will later on increase the number of miles to thirty or thirty-five.

Rev. J. J. Gravatt, rector of St. John's Church, Hampton, has tendered his resignation in order to accept the call to the Moore Memorial, in Richmond. It is to take effect September 26, which will end his seventeenth year of service there.

THE who'e family of the sheriff of the village of Ewyk, in the Providence of Gelderland, Holland, was stricken with cholera nostresux, One of the children died of the

A Big Success in Every Way Except Attendance.

OFFICIALS IN NEED OF CASH

Think That They CanPay the Exposition Debt, But That There Will Not Be Much For the Stockholders--Slashed His

When the guards and gatemen closed and ocked the gates of Jackson Park August 1 one half of the World's Fair period passed into history. Three months of the big show have elapsed and only three months remain before exhibitors begin to move their displays and the work of tearing down the White City will begin. After that time Jackson Park will belong to the people again to enter and leave as they please, and the greatest exposition the world has ever known will be over and gone. Many people who bave missed the opportunity of seeing it will be sorry it is over, but among the officers out in Jackson Park there will be but few

With the first half of the exposition they are all highly satisfied sale in one respect. The exposition is all that anyone could expect, and more than anyone can realize, but the attendance has been miserably small, For various reasons people have not come to the fair as it was expected they would come, and unless there is a wonderful increase in the attendance during the remaining period the managers of the big show will be troubled to pay its debts. That is about all they hope to do now, but they confidently expect to do that much.

President Higinbotham said there was not much hope of returning stock subscriptions or doing much more than return the money

for which the exposition is legally liable, "I have only one fault to find with the first half of the exposition," he said. "The attendance has not been what it ought to have been. In all other respects the exposition has been a success, as no one can reasonable deny, but in that respect the first half is by no means the better half. I believe that the attendance from low on will steadily increase. I believe that the admissions this week will exceed those of last. There has now been about 6,5 0,00) admissions. Certainly more than that number will be registered during the rest of the fair and the total attendance will more than double those figures. The railroads are using us now better than they have been doing, and the trains that come into town are

carrying more people than formerly. "It is useless, of course, to hope now for the 30,000,000 admissions we estimated at the time the Dockery committee from Congress was here, but the average daily atadmissions should not be registered. There miles of Chicago. Suppose one-fifth of them, there you have your 3),0(0,00) admissions. But that estimate does not seen to be good. The people havn't come.

ATTENDANCE WILL INCREASE "They will come now in greater numbers though, and the latter half of the Fair will surprise us as much with a large attendance as the first half has disappointed us with bad. There will be people enough her yet so that we can pay all our legal debts."

"How about paying any money on the stock subscriptions?"

"I am afraid that any money that has been invested in that way is gone," replied Presi-

rame views as those expressed by Mr. Higin-botham. They are satisfied with the show in all respects except attendance, and believe that the next three months will see a great many more people at the fair than the three that are gone.

The picture is called "In My Studio," and was painted by Karl Kahler. The cut was also made, in all probability, by Karl Kahler. He is said to be an artist with an exaggerated regard for his own production, and a sensitiveness surpasse I only by young Werther at

his most sentimental period. The cut was made early Sunday morning. Herr Kahler was seen prowling around the gallery by some members of the German art commission at noon that day. Reinhold Van Baerie received a letter from Kahler dated

July 29, in which he said : "I do not see any way to obtain rest and peace of mind except by doing the thing I am about to do-that is destroy my picture. By so doing all danger of selling it will dis-

By several of the artists of the Art Building Kahler's act is attributed to pique. He seems to have felt that his work was not appreciated. He valued the picture at \$20,-000. Through the office of the German art commission last week he received an offer, first of \$ 0,000 and then \$12,500.

Less he should be tempted, however, to dispose of the picture at a smaller sum than he considered it worth he slashed it. This theory is borne out by the letter written to Another explanation that finds some sup-

trumped up by the artist, and that the cutting of the picture was coupled with the story of the sums offered for it for the sole purpose of gaining notoriety and calling attention to his other pictures. Whatever Kahler's object was in injuring

should not be of a hopeless nature. Artists say that by making wise use of a little white lead, some canvas, a flatiron and a little paint "In My Studio" can be made as good as new.

interior of Russia show that in some provinces the disease is nearly as bad as last year.

Express.

Own Picture.

NOTHING FOR THE STOCKHOLDERS.

tendance will be greatly increased. I do not see yet, though, why those 30, 00,000 | decline until I was a physical wreck. are that many people within a radius of 500 6,0) .000, came to the Fair. They ought to average five visits each to the ground, and

dent Higinbothum. Other officers of the fair hold about the

ATTENDANCE.

The attendance for the first three months of the fair was as follows: SLASHED HIS OWN PIC URE.

There is an artistic cut running from the upper left-hand corner across a picture in the German section of the Art Paince. It looks as if it had been made with a sharp knife by a person who knew how to put a mark of disapprobation upon a painting without doing it much damage.

appear."

This, however, he thought unsufficient.

porters is that the alleged purchasers were

his picture he was careful that the damage

DUBING last week there were 157 deaths from cholera in Naples. Reports from the

Just So: Just So.

The subtle line dividing genius and insanity is so delicate that in many instances it cannot be defined, it can only be felt. I ven the deep researches physiological-psychology are unable to designate principles on which the judg-ment can depend for logical deductions on the subject, and the searching analy-ses and arguments of many erudite students and philosophers are as incom-prehensible and meaningless to the ordinary mind as the vain vaporings of a mind unhinged.—New York Mail and

A Sugar-Coated Pill.

A good example of the extremely courteous in public correspondence was the notice sent to Charles James Fox that he was no longer a member of the government of George the Third. It read thus: "His gracious Majesty has been pleased to issue a new commission, in which your name does not appear."

ever made into furniture is the comino wood of South America. The wood, which is very rare and therefore very expensive, is of a medium golden brown, very brilliant in appearance, and with curious cloud-like markings. A piano of this wood inlaid with ebony, satinwood, mahogany, tortoise shell, and mother of pearl, is valued at \$10,000. A second plane, nearly as valuable, is of curly birch dyed a light green and combined with comino wood. The top of the piano case is inlaid with representations of musical instruments and with the

names of musical composers. The

music rest is a rare painting of the

muses. A bench of the same wood,

made with infinite skill, goes with

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"German Syrup"

cough. We all suffer that way some-How to get rid of them is the study. Listen-"I am a Ranchman and Stock Raiser. My life is rough and exposed. I meet all weathers in the Colorado mountains. I sometimes take colds. Often they are severe. I have used German Syrup five years for these. A few doses will cure them at any stage. The last one I had was stopped in 24 hours. It is infallible." James A. Lee, Jefferson, Col.

DR. KILMER'S CURED ME. GRAVEL! GRAVEL! GRAVEL!

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Oh! I thought what next?
Every one felt sad; I myself.
gave up, as an operation seemed to us all
certain death. I shall never forget how timely the good news of your 5 to get how timely the good news of your SWAMP-ROOT reached me. I send you by this same mail a sample of the stone or gravel that was dis-

SWAMP-ROOT, It must have been as large as a good sized goose egg. I am feeling as well to-day as I ever did. I kept right on using SWAMP-ROOT, and it saved my life. If any one doubts my statement I will furnish proof." LABORNE BOWERSMITH, Marysville, Ohio, Dec. 26th, 1892. Dropsical Swelling, Cold as Ice.

"Swamp-Root" saved my life after I had suffered everything but death. I send you my photograph and this description of my case and you can use it if you wish. not warm them. Dropsical swellings of the lower limbs: could not button my shoes. Exertion cometely e

appeared. My health is better now than it has been for MRS. R. J. CUTSINGER, Marietta, Shelby Co., Ind. Jan. 15, 1893.

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